

THE FULL HOUR.

When a woman is but a thing
For a man to fondle and pet,
Let her dance and sing—
Her hour is not yet.

When a man is but a staff
For a woman to cling to, dumb,
Let him strut and laugh—
His hour is not come.
—Louise Morgan Sill, in Harper's Weekly.

The Elimination of "Jimmy the Lift."

SAY, Cap!" There was more than a shade of annoyance in the tones of Detective Sergeant Brannan, and the Captain looked up, "Jimmy, the Lift is back again."

"Fiddlesticks!" said the Captain, or something that sounded like that.

"They let him off the Island two days ago," Brannan continued, in explanatory fashion. "I'd forgot his time was about up. I saw him down the Bowery to-day, and he's out for business."

"Well, what did he say?" asked the Captain, who had acquired some of Brannan's annoyance.

"Oh, he claims he's going to reform. Says he's going to get a job and work on the level."

"Yes, he knows that by heart. How many times have we had him in here, do you think?" the Captain asked, with evident curiosity.

"I don't know. He had a record before I came to Headquarters, and I've brought him in regular every holiday and every other chance I got for ten years," Brannan spoke in weary tones.

"And to my remembrance," the Captain took up the narrative, "he's been tried about ten times and cost the county a barrel of money and has been sent up only once."

"That's it. First conviction this time. Been doing business right along, but we can't get him with the goods. Blessed nuisance," Brannan delivered judgment with disgust.

"Well, bring him in first time you see him," said the Captain. "We'll see if we can't think up some game to get rid of him."

That is why "Jimmy the Lift," suddenly ceasing his arduous task of working himself into the midst of a crowd on a Broadway car, looked up to find the well-known features of Detective Sergeant Brannan set benignly above him. It was a shock to "Jimmy," because just then he was engaged in private business in which he did not wish any of his acquaintances to participate. It is to be suspected that that business had to do with the stout gentleman who had carelessly put a comfortable roll of bills into his waistcoat pocket after paying his fare.

"Why, hello, Sarge!" There was every accent of pleasure in "Jimmy's" voice, although it is to be feared that his eyes expressed something else.

"Nice, bracing weather, isn't it?" "Yes, quite; but if people ain't strong they oughtn't to be out in it." Brannan had a fund of sarcasm when necessary, and "Jimmy" felt that he was being made the target of it.

"Now, that's unkind," he said soothingly. "You know I ain't doing a thing."

"Well, anyway, the Captain wants to see you," retorted Brannan, a remark that gave little room for discussion, and made it sufficiently evident to "Jimmy" that it was intended he should follow when Brannan began edging to the door. He followed, but injustice welled within him, and all the way to the yellowish white building in Mulberry Street he protested, his innocence.

"Sorry, old man, but I can't help it," was all that Brannan would say. "The Captain's wanted you bad all day."

"Good Lord! What he does he want me for? I ain't done nothing." But Brannan would only elapse into deeper silence.

There was much for "Jimmy" to think about when he got to the Central Office at last. He knew the place well, for he had been there many times, but he never had been treated in just the fashion that marked his reception in this instance. There was a marked deference among those who had dealings with him such as he had never known to be employed toward a mere pickpocket before. He was kept in the outer room while Brannan saw the Captain. Then the Captain walked out and looked at him in silence and then he was taken out and down into the basement and locked in one of the strongest cells.

"Good Lord, what is it?" he asked in awed tones, as Brannan looked all about the cell to see that it was secure and that there was nothing in it which might be used to aid in escape or anything else.

"You'll find out in the morning," was all that Brannan would say, as he walked out and gave the policeman in charge instructions to keep his eye on that cell.

So "Jimmy" sat on his cot away into the hours of the night, his shifty eyes trying to centre themselves on some place in the cell and his thoughts trying to collect themselves into some harmonious condition. It did not decrease his wonder any when his jailer gave him such a dinner as he had

never before enjoyed in prison and responded only with mysterious silence when he ventured to ask questions. He went to bed at last, but his mind kept working, and there were but few moments when he slept soundly.

It was a baggard "Jimmy," then, who was taken up into the long room in the Central Office next morning to face the detectives assembled there. He had not been able to eat much breakfast, although a sumptuous one was provided. He did not feel any better either—for the mystery was deepening—when he found himself standing with men whom he had considered far above him in his chosen field of life. He grew positively faint when one detective after another, men who had known him for almost a score of years, came up and scrutinized him closely as though they had never seen him before. When he was finally led up to the room to be placed under the hands of the man who keeps the measure of the heads of those who are at odds with the law he was almost too weak to walk.

"Say, you've got mine," he mumbled to Brannan.

"I know," returned Brannan gently, as he placed him in the hands of the measurer, "but that was only as a pick-pocket."

"Jimmy's" brain was working as it had never worked before when the examination was finally over and he was taken down stairs again and led into the Captain's room. This was another honor he had never known before, one accorded only to the men who do momentous things. He was overwhelmed. His sharp eyes tried to dig into the brains of the impassive Brannan and the equally impassive Captain, but they could not. The Captain gave him one long, searching stare, then took up some papers on his desk and looked them over, glancing up now and then at "Jimmy."

"Great Heavens, Captain, what is it?" he faintly cried, when he could stand it no longer.

"Come, now, don't give us any of that. You'd better make a clean breast of it and throw yourself on the mercy of the court," The Captain spoke sternly.

"But I ain't—" "Shut up," said the Captain. "We know what you've done."

So "Jimmy" sat, his brain awhirl, while the Captain's eyes seemed to search him through and through. Detectives brought in other men, and he was stood up with them, and a man came in and looked them over and picked him out, saying:

"That's the man!"

He almost fell to the floor. His eyes were starting from his head, every bit of strength in his body seemed to be oozing out when they let him drop into a chair.

"I'm surprised at you, 'Jimmy,'" finally spoke up the Captain, when the others had gone. "I thought you stuck to the pickpocket game. I wouldn't have looked for you in this Harbison deal if everything wasn't such a cinch against you."

The Harbison case! "Jimmy" gasped. He had read all about it in the morning newspapers the day before—how a sneak thief caught in a house shot down a man, and the whole police force of the city was on the lookout for his slayer.

"Cap, you're kiddin'," he finally gasped, though his tongue seemed double its size and his mouth and throat were parched.

"Not a bit of it. No use trying to skin out of it," said the Captain. "We've got plenty of evidence, and you've been identified by the man who saw it done. Sorry, but I guess you'll have to go to the chair."

"God above, Cap, you know I didn't do it. You know I couldn't do it. It ain't in my line. I never knew how."

"Jimmy" was groveling on the floor, gripping the Captain's knees with his hands. The Captain only looked at him sternly and rang a bell that brought a policeman.

"Take him down to court and ask them to bind him over another day as a suspicious person," the Captain ordered. The policeman lifted him up and half dragged him out through the office. He managed to walk after that as they went out and up the street and took a car leading down the Bowery. The policeman had put on handcuffs that bound the two together, though it was scarcely noticeable to others on the car.

They stood on the rear platform. There were tears in "Jimmy's" eyes as he passed places that he knew. He was just beginning to realize the horror of the whole thing and the possibility that he might, after all, be sent to the electric chair—for he knew the police could do strange things when they had a mind bent that way.

He had just reached the conclusion that he was in a very serious situation when something happened. He felt the handcuff that held him to the policeman give on his wrist. He looked down. The steel band was open. He waited a moment until the policeman looked the other way. Then he gave a quick jerk, was off the car like a flash, and was racing down the Bowery. Before anybody had time to raise a cry he was through a dark doorway that he knew led to freedom.

Somewhere, perhaps, an unhappy man is wandering longing for the Bowery. Maybe detectives in other cities

are puzzling their wits over the work of one of the cleverest pickpockets that ever stole a woman's handbag. But New York knows "Jimmy the Lift" no more and Sergeant Brannan and the Captain smile whenever his name is mentioned.—New York Times.

STORY OF A HERMIT PRINTER.

His Paper Printed in a Barren Place,
Miles From Human Habitations.

Captains Spencer and Shaw, the local United States inspectors of steam boilers and hulls, on a recent trip up to the headwaters of the St. John's River unearthed probably one of the most unique newspaper plants in the State of Florida. The plant was discovered in the midst of a wild, barren country. Captains Shaw and Spencer ran upon the hut in which it was located accidentally. It was the only house, such as it was, within a radius of many miles, and naturally the inspectors thought that they would pay a visit to the tenants. When they entered the front part of the house it seemed as if the place was not occupied, but on going back into a rear room, which had been transformed into a print-shop, they came upon an old man of unkempt appearance, who was bending over a printer's case, evidently busy setting type. The old man had long matted hair, that hung down on his neck and partially concealed his face. His clothes were frayed out and worn. The old man was of kindly visage, however, and stopped in his work to give the visitors a welcome. It required only a few questions to get him started telling about his print-shop. He said that he was getting out a magazine.

He said that the publishing of the paper was his life work. He had settled down in the wilds, bought a small printing outfit, second hand, and spent his days alone at the case or at a desk putting his thoughts into shape. The paper is published once a month at the subscription price of fifty cents a year. The lone printer is unmarried and there is no other human being within several miles of his habitation.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

WISE WORDS.

The truest wisdom is a resolute determination.—Napoleon I.

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turn them up.—James A. Garfield.

The crowning fortune to a man is to be born with a bias to some pursuit, which finds him in employment and happiness.—Emerson.

Never don't do nothin' which isn't your fort, for if you do you'll find yourself splashin' around in the kanaw, figuratively speakin'.—Artemus Ward.

Never desert your line of talent. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.—Sidney Smith.

The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerable, attainable quality in every study and pursuit is the quality of attention. I never put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self.—Charles Dickens.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

I never did anything worth doing by accident. Anything I have begun is always on my mind, and I am not easy while away from it until it is finished.—Thomas A. Edison.

Picking and Choosing.

Dr. John Bascom, ex-President of the University of Wisconsin, was noted at the university for his absentmindedness. Many stories are told of him in this regard. One of them concerns a reception that he once gave to the students of the freshman class. Lemonade was served in the course of the evening, and when the maid—an innocent creature fresh from Ireland—handed the tray to her master he put out his hand to it, and then, forgetting what he was about to do, he let his fingers play aimlessly for several minutes among the glasses, while he talked warmly upon some subject that much interested him.

But the maid misunderstood Dr. Bascom's hesitation. She thought that she would help him out of it.

"I think this is the largest, sir," she said, and she thrust into his hand the glass that contained the greatest quantity of lemonade.—New York Tribune

Keeping His Promise.

During a severe engagement at Irish private was espied by his captain in the get of beating a hasty retreat. The man had been a favorite with his superior officer, and when the latter approached him on the subject the following day it was in a spirit more of sadness than anger.

"I must confess, Pat," he said, "that your action in the engagement yesterday surprised me."

"An' what's the rayson of that sor?"

"Reason enough, Pat; you promised me you'd be in the thickest of the fight, and didn't I actually catch you running away?"

"Runnin' away, is it? Dade, captain, but ye desave yourself. It was in remembrance of me promise, sor, that Oi was runnin' around troynin' to find out just where the fight was thickest!"



SILK SHIRT WAIST SUITS.

The silk shirt waist suit has come to occupy the place of a staple article of wear. It is, in fact, one of the necessities of the summer season. But despite this fact dame fashion decrees minor changes in its make-up every season. The simulated triple skirt is one of the stylish ideas of this spring. In fact, anything that is suggestive of forty years ago is very likely to reappear in these skirts—the hoop skirt always excepted. The triple skirt is often accompanied by a waist with short, broad streamers down the back. These are but the natural development of the position of the past couple of seasons.

A very pretty silk shirt waist suit is of blue foulard with a white figure. The skirt is triple, showing the bottom skirt with a decided flare and a suggestion of a train. The two upper skirts are pointed in front, giving a suggestion of the V now so fashionable.

The full waist has a V-shaped yoke adorned with a lace band and edged with a flounce of self-material. The sleeve is tight half way down the upper arm. Thence down it fluffs out, but terminates in a tight cuff, also pointed to carry out the V idea, which is a feature of the entire costume. It is a fact worthy of note, by the way, that this V form is in evidence only in silk, linen and cotton suits, particularly shirt waist suits. The cloth street suits do not show it as yet.—New York Mail and Express.

CARE OF THE FINGER NAILS.

The finger nail as it should be is about one and a half times as long as it is broad, and always shows a crescent at the base.

Highly polished or pointed nails are not indicative of good taste.

They should have a natural gloss and be neatly rounded at the top.

If the nails are rounded off with the file every day they will not need to be cut with the scissors, which is injurious.

In order to keep the crescent at the base well formed the skin should be pushed back from the nail with the towel, or, if necessary, with a blunt orange stick, every time the hands are washed.

The orange stick is excellent also for cleaning the finger nails after they have soaked a few minutes in warm water containing a little lemon juice.

If the nails show a tendency to brittleness a little soaking in warm olive oil after removing them from the lemon water and an application of cold cream at night will prove beneficial.

In polishing the nails with the chamols polisher neither paste nor powder should be used.

Powder makes the nails brittle, and paste gives an undesirably high color. After using the file to round the finger nails in shape, it is well to use an emery strip to remove any roughness that remains.

Persons upon whom nature has not bestowed taper-shaped fingers sometimes try to attain them by the use of various devices.

Metal cones reaching to the second joint, to be worn at night, are supposed to secure this result, but unless one begins at an early age, when the fingers are soft and amenable to external appliances, it is doubtful if they would produce the desired effect.—New York News.

SUPERSTITIONS.

Green in shades of red and apple are still so much in vogue in London and Paris that the jewelers are racking their brains to meet the demands of Mine, la Mode and pander to the prevailing craze. Jade is consequently increasingly popular, but already has a decided rival in the greenstone from New Zealand, which is particularly effective when treated in semi-barbaric style, and can be equally well utilized for millinery and clasps. Above and beyond all its other attractions it has the reputation of being a "lucky" stone, and that alone is quite sufficient to insure its popularity with a large number of people.

Opals seem to have outlived the evil reputation which hung about them at one time, and which caused them to be steadily tabooed, in spite of the fact that among the colored gems there are none which can hold a candle to them for beauty, and that their soft milky radiance with its depths of rose color and blue and mauve made them the most becoming of any others. Nowadays, however, the foolish superstition that they brought ill fortune to the wearer seems to have died quite a natural death, and as wedding or bridesmaids' presents they are really more popular than any other. There are three brides about to be married whose

engagement rings are adorned with emeralds, in spite of the old rhyme which warns the intending brides that "Green's forsaken, yellow's forsworn. But blue's the truest color that's worn."

So that one has every reason to hope that women are beginning to regard fate more as something to be mastered than propitiated. It will take woman a very long time to get entirely rid of the trammels of her pet superstitions, however, and it is a noticeable fact that she no sooner undoes one link in the chain than she forges herself another in a different direction.—New York Commercial Advertiser.



Mrs. Harriet M. Foster has been postmistress of Troy Grove, Ill., for fifty years.

There are now twenty-nine women of title in England who were American girls, including four duchesses and two countesses.

One smart woman has been raising English bulldogs for something over two years, and finds it very profitable if somewhat confining. She supplies several private families with this fine breed of dogs.

Katherine R. Spayd, a girl of sixteen, is the successful manager of a grist mill in Lititz, Pa. She has been in charge more than four months, and has conducted the operations with rare business ability.

The young Duchess of Marlborough has a perfect knowledge of bookkeeping. She keeps a sharp eye on the expenditure at Blenheim, and after breakfast every morning is to be found for two hours checking the accounts of the big estate.

Mrs. H. L. Scales, of Corsicana, recently appointed by Governor Lanham, of Texas, as a member of the Board of Managers of the State Orphans' Home at that place, is the first woman to be placed on a board controlling any of the State's eleemosynary institutions.

A novel way of purchasing a beautiful outfit, consisting of face powder, rouge, eyebrow pencil and lip pomade, has been devised in Berlin, where, by dropping a coin in the slot of an automatic machine a package containing the above mentioned articles drops down.

A study of the new lists of county officers in the far Northwest shows that a number of women are holding office. Washington has twelve school superintendents, while Montana shows twenty-one. Idaho has one auditor and clerk, six treasurers and fifteen school superintendents. Utah follows closely with one clerk, one treasurer and seven recorders.



Drawn work, hemstitching and embroidery distinguishes the latest turn-overs.

Chantilly lace and soutache braid are combined as trimmings for gowns of canvas and similar material.

Very wide sleeves are a feature of the new models in coats, and braids and straps are conspicuous as trimmings.

In the imported novelties, laces showing a blending of blue and ecru, red and ecru and black and white are the leaders in the colored group.

Soutache braid in dark tones and straps of gayly colored linen are used for the adornment of smart new gowns of tulle in subdued shades.

Yak or Cluny is the variety of lace that the oracle decrees shall be used with wool fabrics. The lace will be the same tint as the foundation material.

Van Dyke points figure prominently in all sorts of trimming, lace and passementerie leading. The points are arranged up or down, according to the whim of the designer.

The stock and belt sets for wash shirt waists in contrasting shades of heavy linen are smart and effective. A plain buckle of pearl or the gilt harness type fastens the belt.

Lattice braid is one of the spring novelties and lattice work effects are seen in narrow bands of taffeta and chenille, fringe to match usually accompanying the chenille trimming.

Plain velvet covered buttons are a detail on the spring cloth bodices and sleeves, and the single, double or triple shoulder cape, either stitched or finished with a row and twist of braid in the centre, is an important feature.

Among the handsomest of the new belts is one fashioned from a heavy black silk passementerie. Two pieces of passementerie are utilized for this belt, which tapers to a narrow width in front, and is finished with strings of black oakwood beads with tasseled ends.

The broad collar is the bright star in the sartorial firmament. Exquisite lace of every variety, embroidered linen, batiste, Swiss and lawn are all utilized for the newest creations in accessories of this sort, and the styles of 1830 and the subsequent few decades are revived.